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A

# P O E M

on the *Coronation* of

## JAMES III.

of *England, Scotland, France, and Ireland*, King, *Defender of the Faith*:



L O N D O N:

Printed by D. Mallet for the *Author*, MDCLXXXV.



*The Epistle*  
**DEDICATORI**

*To the Right Honourable Francis Lord  
North, Baron of Guilford, Lord  
Keeper of the great Seal of England,  
and one of his Majesties Most Hon-  
ourable Privy Council.*

*May it please your Honour*

I Am no Relative to those who court  
universal Favours and a flying Fame,  
with Ostentation of their own Abilities ( though I now appear on a publick  
Stage ) I dare not presume to contend  
with any, but content my self in my  
own *Sphær*, with my own Language  
and my own Method, lest I should seem  
to aspire higher than I can pretend, or  
falling too low be loaded with arising

*A 2 Wav.*

### Dedicatory.

Wave, and my aspiring Phantasie bury'd in a watery Grave. My *Ambition* is only to tell the World that I will tread in the Foot-steps of my former *Loyal Ancestors*; (some whereof have ventured both Lives and Fortunes in the late Rebellion) and that I as well as they, have the same abhorrency of Rebels against my Prince. I am now under the severe Censure of the Impartial *Critick*, yet I will not distrust the over-ruling Providence of Heaven, but that some will excuse me in what I have done; and gather Fire from my Coal, to kindle the Noble Flames of Love for *Loyalty* and *Religion*. For as it was with the *Psalmist* so it is with me, to abstain from *Good Words* is Pain and Grief; but if the excellency of all Presents should always equal the grandeur

*The Epistle*

deur of those to whom they come, I  
might justly shame or blush at my bold  
Oblation.

But being I am not unacquainted  
with some part of your Virtues where-  
by I am able to give the World a tast  
more easie to be had in admiration than  
imitation, I presume upon your Lord-  
ship's Goodness. Your Religion and  
*Loyalty*, your *Prudence* and *Learning*,  
and whatsoever else is *Praise Worthy*,  
hath render'd you Eminent in one of  
the Noblest Employes of State wherein  
you Act with a General applause of the  
whole Realm. But that which gives a  
*Fragrancy* to all your *Bed of Flowers*,  
is that humility, which like the *Violet*  
(though the lowest yet is the sweetest.)  
This makes me prostrate my forlorne  
Papers at your Lordships *Feet*, beseech-  
ing

*Dedicatory.*

ing your Goodness to condescend to the acceptance of these poor expressions of my respects, and to give them your Patronage and Protection, which will shield them from all *Enemies*, and that your happiness may extend above the reach of all, that you either can desire or deservye, is the hearty Prayer of

*Your Lordship's most Faithful.*

*and most Obedient Servant,*

Stephen Willoughby.



A

# P O E M.

on the CORONATION of

## JAMES II,

Of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith. &c.

A Lbion ; unveil thy mourning Shades be dress'd,  
With Lawrel, Charles thy Atlas is at rest,  
And James the Just thy Hercules is bless'd }  
With Regal State, now may his Glories run  
A Match with the breath'd Courses of the Sun.  
Weigh Mirth with Mourning nothing can destroy  
Providence repels Ruin from our Troy,  
Bring's Peace, and makes us Citizens of Joy. }

The

The blissful Powers of Heaven, design'd  
 To call the best of Kings, and leave behind,  
 His Princely Brother in our wavering Isle,  
 To give us equal cause to weep and smile :  
 Oh happy Man ! That hath some Grief allow'd,  
 Lest too much Joy should make thy *Brittaine* proud.  
 Mortal breaches immortal powers repair,

*Elijah* left *Elisbah* in the Chair.

Death ! Where's thy sting, in thy Nocturnal Womb ?

No ; The Royal Trophies thou hast made a Tomb :

Tho' the cold Icy Hands, the Throne or'e-spread ; }  
 Wounded the Realm, and touch'd our Monarchs Head, }  
 Yet not our Peace the Darling of the Dead.

Tho deeps the Gash, behold, here's *Gilead's* Balm,  
 Is there a Boist'rous Storm a timely Calm ?

Thus Grief and Gladness two extreams appear,  
 The first weighs down, the last supports me here,

Revoke thy sighs the shaken *Masbys* cry ; }  
 Scepters and Crowns must fall, and Monarchs dye ; }

They dye to live, and live to rise on high,  
 As Godlike *David*, but *Solomon* is nigh.

Let sparkling *Diadems* the Worlds Renown,  
 Surround this living Offspring of a Crown  
 Rid on Triumphant Heavens rein spire

The Orbs with language like the *Orphean* Lyre :

To

To tell the gazing World o're-whelm'd with Care,  
 That April's Blossoms Spring in gentle Air ;  
 And Flow'rs shoot forth 'gainst new Solemnities  
 To deck the Windows of our Paradise.

The Blissful Quire Echoing such Joys aloud,  
 Ravish'd my Soul, that I amongst the Croud,  
 Crept in, to view the Solemn Pomp, and see  
 Our Monarch shining like some Deity.  
 Gazing about, behold the Noble Train  
 Blefs me ! fresh Glories turn'd my wand'ring Brain  
 My thoughts, I Slep'd or dy'd and rose again  
 So deck'd with Splendours was the Ladys all  
 That the Earths Glory seem'd Angelical  
 Of Royalty so darting was the Ray  
 That pierc'd my soul with joy as well as they  
 It Emblemed the Resurrection day.

These things surpriz'd my dazl'd Senses, I  
 Transported was beyond the starry skie  
 In Enoch's Chariot to Eternity  
 But being loaded with this sinful dust  
 Ah laſſ; I could not wing it with the just  
 Nor raise my Notes to reach the lofty string  
 That warbl'd Anthem'd Requiems to the King  
 I loos'd the Reins and left the Pompous Throne  
 Returnd with gladness and sanck gently down

To find new Royalty adorn our Sphær  
 With Heavenly joys, that by a Metaphor are here.  
 Then what are they that would have veil'd these days,  
 And hurl'd Confusion on great James's Rays?  
 Aim'd at the Throne, yet in infernum slipt,  
 They could not soar so high their Wings were clipt :  
 Their Clamours could not Monarchy destroy,  
 Only obstruct an universal Joy :  
 Miscreants, our Seraphims immortal Eyes,  
 Shines through the Royal Charriot of the Skies ;  
 To view the Loyal Actions of the Best,  
 By that the angry Heav'n will know the rest,  
 Separates their call'd ; because they will draw back  
 From God, till Hell burst or the Gibbet Crack.  
 Sometimes like Judas, they'll appear to be  
 True Protestants to James and Monarchy.  
 Pay Homage to the Royal Heir alone,  
 Leave him with Swords and Staves a deadly Groan,  
 Demolish'd Scepter and a ruin'd Throne,  
 But Monsters ; why so cruel to defeat,  
 Majesty so legitimately great.  
 Their tott'ring Noddles are stifled with fears,  
 Anxieties and doubts their blear-ey'd with Tears,  
 Trumpets and Drums strikes terrors in their Ears

Left piercing crys of Blood should seem to rend  
 The Skies for Judgment on his Fathers End :  
 Whose Princely Head mourn'd under the black Yoak  
 And strangely strangled with a fatal Stroke.  
 Oh tell it not in *Gath*, nor let it come  
 Into the publick Streets of *Askelon*.  
 Direful ! let not the Sober *Heathen* see,  
 Pagans will blush at such Impiety.  
 If Nature mean to cleanse her Magazin  
 From all Sedition she must first begin  
 To root out Errour that unseen let in  
 Rebellion ; that same Leprosie of Sin.  
 Faction Transport, or let the hung'ry Wave,  
 Swallow Rebels in one discenting Grave.  
 What if the Conqu'ring Sword or *Nero's* Rod,  
 Should stain the Corners of the Land with Blood  
 They'r just Scourges of a displeased God.  
 In *Rome* Belov'd *Beremee* must not Reign  
 While Roman Hatred, Envy and disdain,  
 The Royal *Titus*, and his Hoaour strain :  
 For he befor he Reign'd with Luxury,  
 Was charg'd with Auvarice and Cruelty,  
 The Senate fear'd a *Nero's* *Tyrany*.

But his sweet Prudent Government of things,  
 Wip'd off Aspersions, he the best of Kings  
 A Mirrour of Monarchs through *Rome* was wrote,  
 Mankinds Delight's an Eidemick Vote.  
*Jeruſ'lem's* Conquest spread abroad his Fame  
 Tho' the besieged wallow'd in a Flame,  
 His pitty Marbl'd an Eternal Name : }  
 Whose tender Eyes water'd his Cheeks with Dewe.  
 To see the burnings of the stubborn Jews.  
 'Tis true we've no *Jeruſ'lem* but a Rout,  
 Of Heſt'ring Jews like Pharisees about  
 That would asperse sincerity of State  
 With Subtil Calumny that cam e too late :  
 But sure we are, his lofty mind is free }  
 From the least Charge of hated Cruelty  
 And we'll depend upon his Clemency. }  
 A Temple to this Hero let our Land  
 Each City be an Altar ar command,  
 And ev'ry Man a Statue to set forth  
 His Noble Acts and truly Royal Worth.  
 As Majesty sits in his sacred Face }  
 So mercy the Derivative of his Race,  
 Is no less splendent in his Acts of Grace :

Gaze

Gaze on his brave Atchievements they'll command,  
 Active Obedience from a sinful Land;  
 Once from Invasion's ransom'd with his hand.      10  
 They were no Grapples of a Cyclop's Arms,  
 No nor deluding Syren's canting Charms  
 That could surprize the Famous Gracian, he  
 Pass'd by Charibdis and Mortality:  
 Unmask the Tragick Scene that once o're spread  
 Our Brittish Vallies with a Forreign dread  
 Of horrid Ruine Epidemical,  
 Had not our Famous James high Admiral,  
 With Courage tramp'd on the Deep and stood  
 A Valient Victor in a Sea of blood.  
 Furnish'd with Wisdom as a Warriour ought  
 To be, he Steers his Course for Triumph, Fought  
 To defend's Right, and shield his Brother's Crown  
 From Invaders, now th' Martial Camp's his own.  
 Thus Agamemnon Stout, (as Poets feign,)      3  
 If ten ( like Nestor ) Counsellours remain  
 With Conquest would have breath'd a Trojan vein.  
 And the World's Conquerour would enrich his Head  
 With the surviving Libraries of the Dead.  
 To show that Policy the Learned Pen  
 Marbles above the common force of Men.

*Champions*

Champion, thrice welcome let thy fragrant breath,  
 Inspire Dominions with a Second Birth  
 Of Gladness, thou'rt the *Cherub* of the Earth.  
 Only with Virtues feed *Agrrippa's* breath  
 Could make *Ostavians* body blessed Earth:  
 In vain's th' Attempt whilst Heaven's Golden Show'r's  
 Of Grace Blossoms the sacred Plant with Flow'r's ;  
 The Fruit's for none but Immortal Pow'r's.  
 Tis no such Fruit as sow'r'd our Fathers Age,  
 Else why with Swords should Seraphims Engage,  
 To Guard our *Sion* from usurping Rage.

*VIVAT REX.*

*FINIS*

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*Enter'd according to Order.*

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